

J. Butts

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

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THE
PRINCE OF BRITTANY,

A New Historical Novel.

The prince of Brittany hastened to the constable. The seasonable interference of Tanguy had restored him in some measure from death to life ; and he was now felicitating himself upon far different prospects. But the Constable, who received him with all the expressions of tenderness and esteem, appeared however, to entertain the same ideas with the duke, of the absolute submission due to parental authority, and of certain indispensable claims of family and honor. Sentiments, so fatal to the pleasing views which the prince had once more begun to entertain, excited in his bosom the same transports of desperation, which we have seen so easily kindled. 'I adore Alicia,' said he ; 'the mere idea of beholding her in the arms of another, drives me to distraction. If I should implore the King of England'—Prince to the King of England I send you. I have importuned the duke to entrust you with a negotiation, equally important and honorable. I have offered to be responsible for you. The King of England loves

you. Brought up in his court, you possess peculiar means of conciliating him. The object of your embassy is to give peace to two nations, to whom a too long war is equally destructive. There cannot be a more glorious meditation ; and it is to you that we confide the destiny of the two most powerful kingdoms in Europe—to you who inveigh against your brother, against me, against all Brittany, and transported by an extravagant passion, have just threatened to have recourse to measures of violence and guilt. Judge, from this, whether I esteem you.'—'Ah, my Lord,' exclaimed the Prince, throwing himself into the arms of his uncle, and weeping with admiration, 'You know me ! Yes, I will strive to merit this excess of generosity. These tears speak how much I am affected by this exalted conduct. Yes, I will justify your choice. I will employ every expedient to reconcile two nations that are our allies—to convince you that the Prince of Brittany, distracted by an unfortunate passion, is yet incapable of a dishonorable action. I hasten to execute my commission ; and, after I have fulfilled my duty, I return to claim my reward. Re-

member, I conjure you, I can have no other than *Alicia*.—‘Hold, Prince,; do not imagine that I purchase your fidelity by flattering your hopes. I esteem you too well to apprehend any thing from your resentment. No; I do not attempt to deceive you. I go still farther: I declare that if your brother should have the weakness to consent to your wishes, I will be the first to oppose them. You see, that I speak to you with a frankness, of which I am certain you will take no advantage. All that I can promise, and that Honor will permit me to grant, with a view only to prepare you to conquer a passion incompatible with your duty, is to engage the Duke to postpone the marriage of *Alicia* till your return.’

‘What, my Lord’—‘I have nothing more to say; I shall wait for you at the palace that we may confer with your brother on the subject of your embassy.’

The Duke, and the whole Council, greatly disapproved, the choice of the mediator. They represented to the Constable, that to entrust the Prince with anegociation of a such a delicate nature, was to put arms in the hands of a madman, & to hazard the safety of Brittany.—They did not doubt that he would solicit the King of England to support him in his pretensions, and to take part in his resentment.—‘How little,’ answered Richmond, ‘do you understand mankind!—Nothing is so flattering to human pride as a noble confidence. It

necessarily inspires self esteem; and whoever can esteem himself, is ever cautious of descending to ignoble actions. Treason is the height of turpitude. My nephew is violent and impetuous, but incapable of forgetting his honor. I will answer for success. The frankness of a soldier is sometimes a more certain resource than all the arts of a politician.

Francis confirmed to his brother the promise of their uncle, that the marriage of *Alicia* with Montauban should be postponed till his return. The Prince had made the necessary preparations for his departure; but it was impossible for him to leave Brittany, without having seen Mademoiselle de Dinan. He would have encountered all hazards to procure with her a moment’s interview. But a variety of obstacles were to be overcome. *Alicia*, kept like a prisoner, at a castle some leagues from the court, had only the liberty of deploring her hard fate in secret.—She waited for the fatal moment that was to subject her to an odious yoke. She would wander in an extensive park, which seemed calculated to cherish that gloomy melancholy, which is almost inseparable from an unfortunate love.—Her languid steps imperceptibly led her to a little solitary wood, into which the light of day could scarcely enter. It was divided by a transparent brook, whose gentle murmurs lulled the soul to musing; and, at some distance, was

a seat of turf. There did *Alicia* go, to ruminate as it were, on the sentiments that oppressed her.—The unfortunate, and lovers especially, experience an exquisite sweetness of sensation, in indulging their tears, and cherishing their griefs; and whatever can deepen their sorrows, they meet even with an eagerness of anticipation. For them had nature created 'the haunts of meditation,' those solitary glooms, those torrents, those grottos, those romantic scenes, that speak not to the happy, but which address with such energy, the souls, whose misfortunes exercise their sensibility.

Mademoiselle de Dianan held in her hand a letter from the Prince, which she repeatedly read, and bedewed with her tears. She spoke to it, as if it were capable of understanding and answering her affecting plaints. 'Ah! too dangerous writing,' said she, 'why cannot I have the resolution to cast thee far from this empassioned bosom? Ah! what avails it thus to cherish a passion which it will soon become criminal to avow?—And could a flame so pure be inspired only to become criminal? Sole object of my affections, alas! how little is the unfortunate *Alicia* yet known to thee! Couldst thou ever imagine for a moment that my heart—thou art its only Lord. Thou wilt rule in it, I perceive too well, to my latest sigh. I will repeat it to the Marshal, to Montauban, to the Duke. No Arthur—barbarous man! I never will

pronounce the fatal vows. I will swear yes, I will swear to love none but the Prince of Brittany; and I will die, I will be the victim of my hapless love.—You shall live to receive my unceasing homage. I would die a hundred times for you, divine *Alicia*. Oh! how dear are these sentiments—these expressions—how delicious to my soul!

Alicia is startled; but her terror is soon dissipated. She beholds at her feet the Prince of Brittany, who seizes one of her hands, and, in the transports of ecstasy, covers it with his kisses and his tears.—'It is you, Prince! you have heard me?—Do you reproach yourself with having made me the happiest of men? Are you apprehensive that I shall not merit a tenderness worthy of every sacrifice I can make? Be satisfied with yourself, dear mistress of a heart, that beats only for the charming *Alicia*. My death is now postponed: the Constable has passed his word; thy nuptials with a detested rival are deferred till my return, and then—thou never shalt be *Arthur's*. Promise me only to keep thy faith, thy heart, inviolate.—Preserve my heart for you, Prince! Ah! is it for you to imagine I can ever give it to another? Can I take from you a single moment of my life? Go—go well assured that *Alicia*—Prince, you cannot too soon return.

They renew the solemn vow of

everlasting love, in spite of every obstruction. Mademoiselle de Dinan takes one of her bracelets, interwoven with her hair, and presents it to her lover, who seizes it with rapture, and kissing it a thousand times, puts it into his bosom: 'Never,' said he, 'shall it leave my heart. It is the seal of our engagement. Remember, divine Alicia, that I go far from you, assured that all I adore will continue faithful.—Let us retire, my friend,' said he to Tanguy, who was waiting at some distance; 'I am now at the summit of felicity; I am beloved.'

The two lovers are obliged to separate. The Prince had contrived to gain over one of the servants of the Marshal, who had introduced him privately into the park. This man runs to acquaint him that the Lord of Dinan is coming. The Prince hastily retires, accompanied by Tanguy, who undertakes, during his absence, to send him intelligence of whatever related to his mistress.—The two friends, at length, embrace; they part; and the Prince of Brittany embarks for England.
(*To be Continued.*)

ELOQUENCE AND FEELING.

The following are extracts from an address of Mr. Custis, delivered at the late annual meeting of the Arlington Sheep Shearing Society, April 30th. On these

occasions, Mr. Custis has been in the habit of pitching the Tent of his departed kinsman, (the illustrious Washington) and from under its venerable canopy of addressing his guests on the interesting subject of national character and renown.

"Who can look upon this venerable Tent, and not recal to mind the heroic days of the Revolution and the memory of its immortal Hero! True, this relic is in tatters, but it is no uncommon sight, my friend, now a days to see a veteran of the revolution in tatters! For a moment let us turn our thoughts toward the eventful crisis, which tried men's souls. See the remnant of a beaten army, driven before a mighty foe from all quarters of our country; hear the cry, that "all is lost:" behold the bravest begin to doubt, and the timid to tremble, for America's safety! Amid this gloomy, scene majestic in adversity, the Great Washington, sublimely shone; the fortune of his country revolving in his matchless mind.—Even the elements combined against our prospects of success, till the genius of our chief, like the meridian sun, would no longer be obscured, but bursting through the clouds of our misfortunes, let in the light of hope, victory and joy.

"And now the contest ended and peace once more smiling upon our land, the world paused upon the event—Man reasoning with his brother man, was heard to

say—'Tis too long ago, since the age of Roman virtue, to see it restored in these degenerate days.—'Tis interest, 'tis ambition ! which now sway the soul of man, and soon shall we see this chieftain willing to barter his country's liberties for a throne. Oh ! my friends, little did the world know of the man, whom Providence intended should exalt America's destiny, for while this world was pondering on the event, the illustrious Farmer of Mount Vernon became the Cincinnatus of the modern age.

" The day, the 30th of April, was a day most memorable in the hero's life, for it was this day, now three and twenty years, when he received the highest dignity, in his country power to bestow. I well remember the time ; aye, my friends, it was a gallant day, and such an one, as I fear we shall not shortly witness, again. The grandeur, the awfulness, the impressiveness of the scene, can never be effaced from American remembrance. And when he had sworn upon the Evangelists of his God, to be faithful to his country, her Constitution and her laws ; the shouts of thousands rent the air, the artillery thundered from its brazen throat, but its sounds were lost in the mighty tumult of applause. 'Twas not a " few threw up their greasy caps, and cried, long live king Richard"—No it was the joyous exultation, which flowed from grateful hearts, which rose to the chancery of Heaven, to hollow the oath and implore a

blessing on the father of his country.

" And yet my friends, foreigners, gentlemen, would you believe—can posterity, think be made to believe, that a few short years only have elapsed, and yet have so materially changed the scene ?—That this venerable man, while in the full meridian of his usefulness, when toil and long experience in his country's cause, had silvered his brow and furrowed his manly cheek, and while in the winter of his long and valued life, should have been made the sport of calumny ! That serpents, who had been warmed into a little life at the fireside of our happiness, should have dared to attempt to sting our best benefactor, and him a Washington to ? He, upon whose generous front nature and proud integrity, have stamped enough to have disarmed the Devil of his malice.

" This you will say, my friends, was hard, but there is something harder still ? When her glorious race was run, his noble career of service ended, and he had been gathered to the empyrean reserved for the good ; when his sun which had sunk in the west, yet by its parting gleams which through his great example shown, served to enlighten our wisdom and exalt our virtue ; Then, oh, then to have denied him a sepulchre, was hard indeed ! For 'tis then, my friends, our duties should have commenced, then we should have assumed

the pious task, and as children of this great parent, have each carried a stone to his tomb.

‘ When the traveller, from civilized Europe, shall hither come, scarce will his shoes have been soiled on our strand, ere he will ask to be shown the spot where we have laid Liberty’s Great Defender, America’s Immortal Son ! and he will sorrow on beholding it.— When the poor savage, the wild tenant of our wilderness, shall hither come, although the magnet of science hath not touched his darkened mind, yet his whole soul has been filled, by traditionary lore, with the name of our Chief—he, too, will ask to see the spot where sleeps the brave, and when he shall see it, then people of America, even the poor Indian will blush for your ingratitude !

‘ True, this thing hath been called a thing of custom. It is ; but, my friends, are we not the creatures of custom ? Do we not act, think, almost exist, by custom ; and sure, what has been customary with nations, the most polite and splendid in the world, need not be unworthy of us.—If we cannot equal the European in this high sense of honor, or the poor Savage in his divine sense of gratitude, where is our philosophy.

‘ Go search the remotest records of time ; go seek the remotest corners of the habitable earth ; go to extremest East, where the

and having touched on the classic shores of Europe, away to extremest West, even to where Mammoth dwells, or the fun will tire in visiting.—In every age ; in every clime ; ’mid every race of created man ; divine gratitude still holds her empire, from the Tumulus of the Cossack to the Tomb of Adrian.

‘ An anecdote, at this moment, crosses my mind.—I will arrest its passage ; for it paints in glowing colours, the native feeling of the American soldier.—It is of the true Athenian cast. It would have done honor to Athens, when she could boast her Themistocles ; or to Rome, in the age of her Scipios.—Mark the tale—

‘ Shortly after the death of the General, an aged man called at Mount Vernon.—He said, he was journeying to the South, to see his children ; and had called, to take a last look, on the grave of his old Commander ; for, said he, I could not have passed my few remaining years in peace, had I not performed this pious task ;—for, ah ! sir, he was indeed the Soldier’s friend.—Toil and hard sufferings had paralysed this veteran’s frame, and his valour had been marked by the weapon of the foe ; for he was one of those, who formed the forlorn hope of American liberty, when her WASHINGTON crossed the Delaware, in the memorable Winter of ’76.—The old man was refreshed ; for never were the doors of Mount Vernon closed

against the poor or unfortunate, nor its hearth grown cold to the man of sorrows.—The veteran became anxious to see the tomb; and as we moved along, the remembrance of the toils and glories which he had witnessed with his departed General, for a moment reanimated his feeble frame, and lighted up his faded eye. Good sir, he said, I well remember him; I think I see him, as he looked on the morning when when we forced the Hessians at Trenton. Believe me, after so many hardships, so many defeats, the taste of victory, on that memorable day, was sweet indeed.

‘And now, my friends, we may well imagine, what must have passed in the mind of this humble man, when about to visit the grave of his Chief. No doubt, from what we had seen of the exalted character and services of the illustrious dead, he had expected to behold his country’s gratitude portraying in towering brass or marble. And when he came to the grave, to that *mound of earth* which rears its humble crest upon Potomac’s bank, and stamps opprobrium on my country, to that *HOLY*, in which, by the God of Heaven, I would not even bury my faithful dog, the old man paused and casting an indignant look upon the place, pronounced these words—words, which Americans should write in their books; and treasure up in their hearts;—“If it is here, that my countrymen have buried my General, where, in the

name of God, would they bury me?”

‘People of America! for a moment behold this affecting spectacle. See the veteran soldier at the tomb of Washington. If Cæsar wept, on seeing the remains of Pompey dishonored, well might the veteran of American liberty mourn, on seeing the ashes of America’s Great Defender left uninhumed.

‘Tis not, my friends, that American genius or resources are inadequate to the task. See, in our view, the massy structures which load the ground; and resources has been found for every thing else. But it is that unhappy quality in man, which causes him to forget his benefactor. And does not my country fear this example? For now, even now, she rouses the warlike genius of our land. She calls on her youth to arm, to prepare to defend those rights, which their fathers won.—She says, away to the field of glory, be faithful, be brave, and doubt not your country’s rewards, her honors her *gratitude*. Do you not fear the youth will turn, and pointing to the *neglected grave* of Washington, will say, if this is my country’s gratitude to our noblest Benefactor what have I a right to expect?

‘Yet, my friends, ’mid every change of men and things, so long as my faithful services shall endear me to my country, will I, on each 30th of April, to my country this self-same tale, and cry to her people—*Shame?*’

From the Norfolk Herald.

TO GAMBLERS.

Story of TOM TITTLES, of Culpepper county of Virginia, who, from Gambling hung himself.

There was that amiable young man, *Tom Tittles*, of Culpepper County, Virginia. His grave is still fresh on the plains near Fredericksburg. But where shall we find an ever-during stone for his tomb, or where a BARD to write his epitaph, that future generations may read his mournful tale, so long as old Rappahannock shall roll his sluggish waves?

Tom was the only son of his doating parents; the promised staff of their declining years.—Rarely was a youth so much caressed; and seldom one so little spoiled. His soft blue eyes rolled always in tenderness on his parents; and his countenance, in conversation with them, expressed a charm beyond the painter's art.

Confiding too much in his son's prudence, his father sent him down to Fredericksburg with a waggon load of flour. His mother and little sister put in their ventures of butter, eggs and poultry. Furnished with a long list of gloves and gown-patterns, and laden with 'God bless ye's,' and many a tender lengthened kiss, Tom cracked his whip, and with a light heart and faithful dog behind him, set off; a little dreaming, poor fellow! That he was to see his father mother and sister no more.—

At the tavern where he put up in Fredericksburg, a pack of Gamblers were in deep play, gloriously striving to ruin each other. Having no book in his pocket to amuse and instruct his leisure hours. Tom unfortunately strolled into the gaming room. His attention was instantly caught—Such heaps of gold and silver he had never seen before, and to see such shining heaps so soon and so easily won, appeared to him in the highest degree astonishing. Rivetted on the glittering stakes, he rolled his thoughtless eyes sparkling alike with admiration and longing.—Alas! an evil spirit had fired the fancy of the youth with the lust of wealth.

Aye! See there Tom, (thus the Demon whispered)—'See there my Lad, what gold! what silver! what precious treasure! And suppose now all this was yours, Tom!! O Dear! what a world of fine things you might carry home! and how Daddy, and Mammy, and Sister would throw up their arms and stare! and with their eyes of joy set the whole room in a blaze! And then only think how you would pass for one of the cleverest fellows in all the parts! and might marry, aye that you might, the finest Girl of the nation! And don't be afraid, Child, don't be afraid! Pshaw! it is the easiest thing in nature; just as easy as to kiss your hand. It is only to try your luck, Tom; and if luck be for you; and why not for you as well as for another? why then all these shining heaps are

yours, Tom, and your fortune is made forever !

Such was the voice of the tempter. Poor Tom listened : and was ruined.—‘*Young gentleman,*’ said one of the gamblers artfully, ‘*have you a mind to bet ?*’ YOUNG GENTLEMAN ! YOUNG GENTLEMAN ! repeated Tom to himself, and began to feel his promised consequence. He had never been called YOUNG GENTLEMAN before. The promotion which the Devil had whispered to him, appeared coming on very fast. ‘*Young gentleman,*’ it was again asked, ‘*have you a mind to bet ?*’ ‘*Why,*’ replied he, ‘*I don’t care much if I do. A body can but loose : and faint heart they say, never won a fair Lady.*’ Having said this in an evil hour the poor thoughtless boy broke in upon the sacred trust committed to his honor. He first ventured the money which his Father had given him for the journey. This, dollar after dollar, he soon had the pain to see all taken from him. With aching heart he then ventured the 2 dollars which his Mother had *secretly* given him at parting.—These also were quickly snapped up. Miserable at losing so much, but *still hoping to recover it*, he betted a barrel of his Father’s flour ! This also was soon lost—growing more and more desperate, he betted a second—a third—a fourth—and so on, until the whole was gone.

Young gamesters have sometimes been known, after losing

their last stake, to throw down their cards and burst into tears — But even this poor satisfaction was denied him. For while his last barrel was tottering to its fall, he attempted (in the distraction of his mind) to recover it by a finesse, which, even the wretches at a gaming table affect to scorn.—Whereupon, one of the gamblers, starting up from the table with well counterfeited rage, seized the poor lad by the nose, led him to the door, and kicked him into the street.

The memory of home and of his tender parents and sister, which had ever, heretofore been his heaven, was now his bitterest hell—after such an injury done to them and with such a load of infamy on himself, how could he ever see their faces again ! whereupon, going to his waggon in the back yard, he took a halter from one of his horses, and went and hung himself.

Ignorant yet of what had befallen their son, his fond parents were constantly talking about him ; and his little sister would often tell her cousins of the *beautiful gowns* and *bonnets*, which her brother Tommy was to bring her when he came back from town.—How impatiently did they look for the day of his promised return ! and when the day arrived, oh how often and wishfully did they cast their longing eyes down the road to meet his waggon.

*' His mother from the window look'd
With all the longing of a Mother;
His little Sister, weeping, walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her Brother.*

*No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no Son, thou tender Mother,
No longer walk, thou lovely Maid,
Thou hast alas! no more a Brother.*

The next day, a neighbouring waggon which started in company with poor Tom, came in sight. Supposing that he was now close at hand, the family all ran, in transport to the door, to enquire after him. "Well, neighbour, how do you do, how do you do? how far is Tom behind?"

The waggoner turned his head a side and wiped a tear. A deadly heart sickness seized them all.

'For God's sake what is the matter where is my Son?' After much delay the waggoner told of his death, and the manner of it.

Poor horror-struck victims!—what pen of man or of angel can express your feelings or describe your looks! Faintly shrieking, *'O my Brother,'* his sister seized her swooning mother, and fell with her, nearly lifeless to the ground. The old man stood speechless with horror, shivering through all his aged limbs like one who had received his fatal stab. The shock was too great for his feeble nature to bear. He was taken to his bed, from which his grey hairs were soon borne with sorrow to the grave.

Bitter were his reflections on himself for the untimely death of

his son. Lifting his aged eyes swimming in tears, and wringing his withered hands, he would cry out, *'Oh Tommy my son! my son! why did I put your tender years to such a cruel trial! Why did I send you into that fatal temptation! But on me is all the blame, it was I who murdered you my son, it was I who murdered you. But forgive your poor old father this first, this last, this only harm he ever did you. Never shall I rest more until I hear your forgiveness. I am coming my son, to seek it—I am coming to seek it.'*

And so it happened unto him; for he presently died of a broken heart, refusing all comfort.

These O gamblers, are your barbarous deeds. And shall not God visit for crimes like these? Yes, he will visit. He does visit. No gambler has ever been a happy man. Never on any sinner was more awfully fulfilled that curse, *'no peace to the wicked'* than on the Gambler. As of *blackest die*, his sin not only leads to hell in the end, but is a hell on the road. See him hanging over his detested table—a large, perhaps a *last stake* depending on his skill. Never did a wretched gladiator on the stage, fighting for life, exhibit deeper marks of agony and his distress. Oh what dark brows! What dreadful looks! But all in vain. Fortune is against him, and his skillful adversary improves her smiles—twarts his finesses—trumps his best suits—and withers all his hopes. He writhes—he twists—he

gnashes his teeth—and, soon as his exulting antagonist, thwacking down the victor trump, shouts the game and sweeps the gold, convulsed with rage he leaps from the table; he hurls his cards into the fire, and his wig upon the floor: then on bended knee, with hard clenched fists, stiffened up-raised arms, and eyes wildly darting their fiery glare to heaven he curses both God and Devil, and the gambling authors of his ruin.

BIOGRAPHY OF

JAMES CRICHTON.

A Scotch gentleman, born in 1650, in the county of Perth, of whom so many wonderful things are recorded as to have procured him the appellation of 'The admirable Crichton.' He was descended by the mother's side from the ancient Scottish kings. He was educated at St. Andrew's; and, at the age of twenty, had gone through the whole circle of the sciences. He had also acquired the manners & address of the most accomplished gentleman. Thinking it necessary to improve himself by travelling, he went to Paris, where he challenged all the learned men to dispute with him on any point, or in any language. He managed the first disputation with great success, from nine in the morning till six at night, for which he was rewarded with a diamond ring and a purse of gold by the professors. The next day he carried the prize

fifteen times successively at a tilting match. He afterwards went to Rome, and disputed in the presence of the pope and the cardinals: but Boccacini mentions him with affected contempt, and intimates that he left Rome in disgust. He then repaired to Venice, where he was well entertained by Aldus Manutius, and other learned men. He had many disputations in that city, and overthrew the followers of Aristotle. At Mantua he slew a formidable gladiator, who was become odious from the numbers he had killed in combats. In that city he also wrote a comedy and performed a character in it himself. The Duke of Mantua admired his talents, and appointed him preceptor to his son, who was a very licentious youth. This appointment proved fatal to our hero; for one night, as he was passing through the streets in carnival time, he was assailed by six men in masks. He beat them off, and disarmed their leader, who proved to be his pupil. Crichton, perceiving who it was, presented him his own sword, on which the ungrateful wretch plunged it immediately into his heart. From the improbability of this story, many are inclined to disbelieve it, though many of Crichton's biographers relate it.—It is very probable, however, that he fell in a midnight revel. This event happened in 1582. Crichton was blessed with the most extraordinary endowments both of body and of mind, and, though so

young a man, had acquired a competent knowledge of twelve languages.

THE LUCKY EXPEDIENT.

A young Swiss recruit, when his regimentals were making had procured a round *iron plate* bordered with small holes, which he desired the taylor to fasten on the inside of his coat, above his left breast, to brevent his being shot through the heart. The taylor, being a humorous fellow, fastened it in the *seat of his breeches*. The cloaths being scarce on his back, when he was ordered to march into the field, he had no opportunity to get this aukward mistake rectified before he found himself engaged in battle. Being obliged to flee before the enemy, on endeavouring to get over a thorn hedge in his way, he unfortunately stuck fast till he was overtaken by a foe, who, on his coming up, gave him a thrust in the breech with his bayonet. It luckily hit on the iron plate, and pushed the young soldier clear out of the hedge. This favourable circumstance made the Swiss honestly confess, that the taylor had more sense than himself, and knew better *where his heart lay*.

MAXIM.

Nothing shews more the folly, as well as fraud of man, than clipping merit and reputation.

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, June 20, 1812.

"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.

From the *Tennessee Herald Extra*.

MOST HORRID!!!

We hasten to lay before the public the circumstance of the late inhuman murders committed on the Tennessee river, on the 22d of April,

Immediately after the acts of hostility by the Indians, the inhabitants of the frontier of Humphrey's county, thought it prudent, for personal security, that two or three families should live together. For this purpose John Crawley and his unfortunate family had gone to the house of Jesse Manley. The family of Crawley consisted of a wife and four children; Manley's, a wife and three children. The evening before this tragical event, Manley and Crawley were both called from home, taking Crawley's eldest son with them.—They had employed C. Hays, a promising young man to stay with their families until their return. Early next morning, he had geared his horse and proceeded about 100 yards from the house, when the Indians, who were concealed behind a fence, fired upon him. He received two mortal wounds. Whilst one of the Indians was scalping him, the other two ran to the house; they found one of Manley's children outside of it, whom they tore to pieces with their dogs and scalped.

With savage fury they now forced the door, and commenced a scene of still greater barbarity.—They snatched Mrs. Manley's child, only 8 years old, from her mother, scalped it, and threw it into the fire-place, yelling at a horrid rate. An indiscriminate butchery of the children now took place before their mo-

thers—five children were scalped and murdered, they keeping Mrs. Manley as the last victim of their cruelty. After shooting her, they scalped her, and committed unheard-of cruelties on her body. They then left the house, taking Mrs. Crawley along as prisoner. About four hours after the Indians were gone, the neighbours got information of the murder, collected to the number of five or six at the house, they found Mrs. Manley alive and perfect in her sense. Amidst this carnage one of Mrs. Crawley's children escaped unhurt; when they attacked the house she had the presence of mind to raise a puncheon of the floor and throw her child in the cellar.

Mrs. Manley is still living, and great hopes are entertained of her recovery:

Francis Smith, who resided near Tennessee river, has been apprehended for a supposed connexion with the Indians—his case is black.

At a Court of Oyer and Terminer held in Sussex county, (N. J.) last week at which judge Pennington presided, Cornelius A. Cole, and Mary Cole, his wife, were tried for the murder of Agnes Teurs. Mary Cole was convicted but her husband, Cornelius A. Cole was acquitted of the murder.

Cornelius A. Cole was also indicted for concealing the murder, and to this indictment he plead guilty. The facts which appeared on the trial of Mary Cole, in part, made out from her own confession, after she was apprehended, were in substance as follows: Agnes Teurs, the deceased, was the mother of Mary Cole; she was her only child. Mary Cole and her husband, with two small children and the deceased lived together in one house, and made one family. Some time in December last, after

some of the neighbours had left the house, where they had spent the evening, it was far from 12 o'clock, the husband had gone to bed in the same room, Mary Cole and her mother quarrelled, in this quarrel Mary knocked her mother down with an axe, and immediately cut her throat. It did not appear that her husband any way aided his wife. In one of the relations of the facts made by Mary Coles, she in some measure endeavoured to exculpate herself by saying that her mother in the quarrel approached her in a threatening manner with a knife; at other times she acknowledged the fact of knocking her mother down with an axe, and cutting her throat, without detailing any of the accompanying circumstances. After this was done, the husband acknowledged that he, at the request of his wife, assisted in placing the corpse under the floor of the kitchen, and doing a variety of other acts to conceal the murder and screen his wife. In March, Cole and his wife moved out of the country, and rented the house they had lived in, leaving the corpse under the floor, where it was discovered about a fortnight ago; and Cole and his wife were apprehended in Bergen county, to which they had removed in March. The prosecution was contended with ability, decorum and humanity by Mr. Southard, the district attorney, and the prisoners defended by Mr. Frelinghuysen with great eloquence & strength of argument. The object aimed at by the counsel of Mary Cole, was to lessen her crime to that of manslaughter. Her conviction was perfectly satisfactory to all who heard the trial, and she was sentenced to be hung on Friday, the 26th inst.

Cornelius A. Cole was sentenced to two years confinement in the state prison, and pay a fine of 250 dollars for concealing the murder.

Newark Cent.

INDIAN WAR.

Horrible if True!—A passenger who passed through this town, in the stage from the southward, on Monday last, stated, that it was reported that the Indians, 3000 strong, had attacked the town of Vincennes, in Indiana territory, and massacred governor Harrison and 300 men, together with women and children not leaving a soul in the place. Such is the report. We give it as we have heard it; and we confess that the defenceless state of that part of the country but too much favours the probability of such a circumstance. It may, however, turn out to be what among newsmongers is called a *hoax*, reministered to the gaping crowd, by some persons who perhaps while he is exulting in what he suppose to be the effects of his wit, does not reflect that at the same time he thus sports with the feelings of the public, he dispenses with good sense candor, truth, and every honorable attribute.—A poor triumph indeed, at such an expense as this. A very short time will enable us either to contradict or confirm the statement of this traveller.

On Tuesday morning last, during the severe gale of wind, a ferry-boat, commanded by Captain John Jones, on her passage from Captain Williams' (late Hillyer's) Ferry to New-York, was upset in the Kills, and we are sorry to state that three women and a child were drowned. One woman was saved by the commander of Gun-Boat No. 104, who jumped over-board and saved her.

The following are the unfortunate persons who were drowned in the cabin of capt. Jones' ferry-boat.—Mrs. Drummond and her child; Anna Shields, a girl about 14 years of age; and a black woman. The boat is got off.

Married.

On Friday the 12th inst by the rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr Henry Brooks, to Miss Margaret Lent, both of this city.

On Sunday evening the 31st ult at Musquetoe Cove, Mr. James Benedict, of this city, to Miss Deborah Coles, of the former place.

In Lincolnshire, Eng. corporal Dupre, to Miss N. Trollope, with a fortune of 12,000l. Miss T fell in love with him while he was on parade with the soldiers; the next morning she communicated her sentiments to him, which he joyfully accepted, and on the following day, he led her to the altar of Hymen.

By the Abbe de Bonille, on the 11th of February, at Martinique, Mademoiselle de Malleyeault, of that Island, to Mr. Thomas Butler, of Philadelphia.

On Wednesday morning last, by the Rev. Mr Lyell, at Christ's Church, Mr George Drummer, merchant, to Miss Elizibeth Osborne.

On Sunday afternoon last, by the Rev. Mr. Heart, Mr. Ebenezer Lang, to Miss Amelia Rogers, daughter of Obediah Rogers, Esq. all of this city.

←—————→

Died.

On Friday last, of a lingering illness Mr. Israel Brush.

On Monday morning last, Henry Richards, son of Capt. Henry Richards, of this city, aged 13 years.

On Tuesday morning last, Catherine Liver, widow, aged 56 years.

At Albany, on the 30th ult. in the 42d year of his age, Mr. Robert Barber, printer, brother-in-law to the editor of the Albany Register.



*Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate.*

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO AMERICA.

Fair smiling land of liberty and peace,
Where plenty gaily treads the flow'ry
fields,
And laughing mirth, with smiles that
never cease,
Gives blessings to the charms that
nature yields.

Wilt thou receive a pensive wanderer
here,
Where joy fills ev'ry pleasure beaming
eye,
Whose only comfort is the gushing tear,
Whose only pleasure is the bursting
sigh?

Tho' beauteous are thy dew-besprinkled
lawns,
Tho' green and shady are thy waving
groves,
Tho' lovely thy blue-sky when morning
dawns,
Oh! 'tis not what my mournful spirit
loves.

For tho' my Erin's hills are bleak and
wild,
Tho' there oppression wave's his iron
hand;
Yet sad Hibernia owns me for her child,
And Erin is my dear, my native land.

O great Columbia! may'st thou never
feel
The iron rod of dark tyrannic sway;
O may'st thou never hear war's thund'-
ring peal,
But peace still shed around her beamy
ray.

For see, where lone *Hibernia* on von
rocks,
Weeps for her sons in war untimely
slain:
The rude winds whistling thro' her ra-
ven locks,
Whilst burns the tumult in her mad'-
ning brain.

O dear *Hibernia*! May thy wretched
wrongs,
Soon be redressed, and may'st thou ever
shine;
In the hoar sage's tales and poet's
songs,
Oh! 'tis the fondest, dearest wish of mine.
MARY.

*From Murphy's 'Wild Flowers of Erin,'
just published.*

When care hangs heavy on my mind,
And torturing thoughts corrode the
heart;

When in abstracted charms we find
No cheering smile to soothe the smart,
O say, where can we find relief,
And dry the trickling streams of grief!

'Tis in thine arms, O gentle *Sleep*!
The mind can lull its keenest woe;
The tear wet eye, forget to weep,
And Mem'ry painful paths forego:
Yes, peaceful nymphs, upon thy breast,
Misfortune finds a couch of rest!

The way worn trav'ler in thine arms
Receives a health restoring balm;
The soul hur'd to dire alarms,
Enjoys a trouble-smoothing calm:
Yes, on thy lap, O *Sleep*! is found
Refreshing sweets for ev'ry wound.

Then come and close these eyes of mine,
 Repress this heart distending sigh;
 From mental roams my thoughts con-
 fine,

Save where Contentment's treasures lie:
 But there, in visionary play,
 O let my fancy fondly stray.

From a London Paper,

*'Lines on Mrs. SIDDONS' announcing her
 intention to leave the Stage.*

Soon will that voice be heard no more
 Which lent each bard ethereal fire,
 And every muse shall then deplore
 The passions that with thee expire.

No more Macbeth's Imperial dame
 Shall rouse Ambition's direful glow;
 No more poor Belvidera claim
 The melting sighs of truth and woe;

Nor Randolph's widow greatly mild,
 To every mother's heart appeal,
 Or Isabella, shrieking wild
 Teach iron natures how to feel.

With thee we loose the polished grace,
 The purest language can impart;
 Its comment, beaming from thy face,
 Its next arising from thy heart.

I saw thee, in thy early prime,
 O'er fair Edina shed thy rays,
 And I will watch thy fires sublime,
 Majestic in their parting blaze.

A WAR SONG.

By the late Mr. CLINTON;

Soul of Columbia, quenchless spirit
 come!

Unroll thy standard to the sullen sky,
 Bind on thy ward robes, beat thy furi-
 ous drum;

Rouse, rouse thy Lion heart, and
 fire thy Eagle eye.

Dost thou not hear the hum of
 gathering war?

Dost thou not know
 The insidious foe
 Yokes her gaunt wolves, and
 mounts her midnight car?

Dost thou not hear thy tortur'd seaman's
 cries?

Poor hapless souls, in dreary dun-
 geons laid;

T'wards thee they turn their dim, im-
 ploring eyes;

Alas! they sink—and no kind hand to
 aid.

Thou dost, and every son of thine,
 Shall rest in guilty peace no more,
 With noble rage, they pant to join
 The conflicts heat, the battle's roar,
 Loose to the tempest let the banner fly,
 Rouse, rouse thy lion heart, and fire
 thy eagle eye.

FOR SALE.

A few hundred yards of English & Brus-
 sel Carpeting, (of the first quality) at
 No. 46 Maiden Lane.—Also an assort-
 ment of Bedding and Gentlemens (ready
 made) Linens at No. 44 Maiden Lane.

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 The 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12th, Volumes
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 Price \$1 50 cents, per volume.

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